

The wofull Lamentation of Mistris Jane Shore, a Goldsmiths wife in London, sometimes King Edward the seconds Concubine, who for her wanton life came to a miserable end, Set forth for the example of all lewd women.

The curse is, Live with me.



If Rosamond that was so faire
Had cause her sorrows to declare.
When let Jane Shore with sorrow sing
That was beloved of a King.
Then wanton wivs in time amend,
for love and beauty will have end.
In Maiden years my beauty bright,
Was loved dear of Lord and Knight,
But yet the love that they requir'd
Then was not as my friends desir'd.
My Parents they forthwith of gain,
My husband for me did obtain,
My best pleasure to fulfill,
I was bound to wed against my will.
Matthew Shore I was a wife
Whom I thought brought ruine to my life.
Then my time so lewdly spent,
Now makes my soul for to lament.
In Lombard street I once did dwell,
As London yet can witness well,
Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a heap of Gold.
I spread my Plumes as wantons doe
Some sweet and secret friend to woo,
Because my love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind,
At last my name in Court did ring,
Into the ears of Englands King,
Who came and lik'd and love requir'd
But I made coy what he desir'd.
Yet Mistris Blague a neighbour nere
Whose friendship I esteem'd dear,
Wd say it was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a King.
By her persuasions I was led
For to deale my marriage bed,

And to long my wedded husband Shote,
Whom I had loved ten years before,
In heart and mind I did rejoyce
That I had made so sweet a choice.
And therefore did my state resign
To be King Edwards Concubine.
From City then to Court I went,
And reapt the pleasures of content,
I had the jopes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a King.
When I was thus advanced on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mistris Blague I in short space
Obtain'd a living of his Grace.
So friend I had but in short time
I made unto promotion climb.
But yet for all this costly price
My husband could not me abide,
His bed though wronged by a King,
His heart with grief did deadly sting.
From England soon he goes away
To end his life upon the Sea.
He could not like to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame,
Although a Prince of peerlesse might
Did reap the pleasures of his right,
Long time I lived in the Court,
With Lords and Ladies of great port
For when I smil'd all men were glad,
but when I mourn'd my pain grew sad.
But yet an honest mind I bore
To helpelesse people that were poore,
I still request the Orphans cry,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to die.
I still had ruth on widows tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years,
And never lookt for other gain.
But love and thanks for all my pain.
At last my Royall King did dye,
And then my days of wo grew night,
When Crookback Richard got the crown.
His Edwards friends wer soon put down.
I then was punish't for my sin,
That I so long had lived in,
Woe every one that was his friend
That tyrant brought to shamefull end.
Then for my rude and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard street,
In shamefull manner in a street,
Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in Court my credit knew,
Which made y' tears run down my face
To think upon my soules disgrace.
Not thus content they took from me,
My Goods, my Airing and my Free.
And charg'd that none should me relieve
Nor any succour to me give.
Then unto Mistris Blague I went,
To whom my Jewels I had lent,
In hope thereby to ease my want
When riches fail'd and love grew scant.
But she deny'd to me the same
When in my need for them I came.
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doore she did me shove.
So I did banish with my state,
And now my soule repents to late.
At this example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.
But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress'd,
And sav'd his life condemn'd to dye,
Wd give me food to succour me.
For which by Law it was decreed
That he was hanged for this deed.
His death did grieve me so much more,
Then had I dy'd my selfe therefore.
Then those to whom I had done good
Durst not restore me any food.
Whereby in vain I beg'd all day,
And still in streets by nights I lay.
My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Are turn'd to simple garments old.
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.
Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life.
Both sucking babes and children small
Did make a pastime at my fall,
I could not get one bit of bread
Whereby my hunger might be fed.
For drink but such as channels run,
Or stinking ditches in the sun.
Thus weary of my life at length,
I yielded up my vitall strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs do much frequent.
The which now since my dying day,
As Shoreditch call'd as writers say,
Which is a witness of my sin,
For bring Concubine to a King.
For a wanton loves that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just.
Whoredom shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish't in this Land.
If God to me such shame would bring
I have yielded only to a King,
How shall they escape that soapy run
To practice sin with every man?
For husbands match not but for love,
Least some disliking after prove.
Women be warn'd when you are lust,
What plagues belong to sinful lust.
Then maids and wivs in time amend,
for love and beauty will have end.

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his wives wantonnesse. the wrongs of marriage, the fall of pride, being a warning for all women to take heed by.

If she that was fair London's pride,
For beauty tam'd both far and wide,
With Swan-like Song in sadnest told,
Her deep distresses manifold.
Then in the same let me also
How bear a part of such like woe.
Is not Matthew Shore men called me,
A Goldsmith once of good degree,
And might have lived long therein
Had not my wife bin wold to sin.
Oh gentle Jane thy wanton face
Hath brought us to this soule disgrace
Thou hadst all things at will and will
Thy wanton fancy in full fill
So London dames no merchants wife
Did lead so sweet and pleasant life,
When gentle Jane the truth report,
Why leftst thou me to live in Court,
Thou hadst both gold and silver store,
So wife in London then had more.
And once a week to walk the field,
To see what pleasure it would yield,
But woe to me that liberty
Hath brought us to this misery,
I marryed thee when thou wert young
Before thou knewst what did belong
To husband and wife or marriage state,
Thy chaste heart now repents too late
Thou wast a maid when thou wast unjust,
And so thou art when thou art my trust.
But what can I do to thee now,
And what can I do to my love,
Fair Jane, I have lost my joy,
My heart is now in deep annoy.
To the shame of my like shame:
Thy wanton heart hath brought my good name,
And it hath brought each man and wife,
In judgement to condemn my life,
And evermore shall they say
That thou wast the wanton play.
Whereby thou hast brought us to change
My home for a Country strange.
My lands and goods I sold away,
And so from England went to Sea.
Opprest with grief and woeful mind,
But left my cause of grief behind.
My loving wife whom once I thought
Would never be to lewennesse brought,
But women now I well eippe
Are subject to unconstancy.
And so there be so true of love,
But by long suit will wanton prove.
For flesh is frail and women weak
When things for love great suit do make
But yet from England my depart
Was with a sad and heavy heart,
Whereat when as my leave I took,
I sent back many a heavy look.
Desiring God if it might be
To send one sigh sweet Jane to thee.
For if thou hadst but constant bin
These dayes of two I ne'r had sin.
But yet I grieve and mourn full sore,

The Description
OF
Jane Shore.

This womans
beauty hath
bin highly praised
by a famous writer
that lived in her
times, Named Thomas Moore who de-
scribed her in this
manner.

Before her death
she was poore & a-
ged, her stature was
mean, her hair of a
dark yellow, her
face round and full
her eyes gray, her
body fat, white &
smooth, her coun-
tenance cheerefull
like to her condi-
tions.

There is a picture
of hers to be seene
in London, it is such
as she was when she
rose out of her bed
in the morning, ha-
ving nothing on but
a rich Mantle cast
under her arm, over
which her naked
arm did lye.

what her Fathers
name is, or where
she was born is not
certainly knowne,
but her Husband
Matthew Shore, a
youngman of right
good Parentage,
wealth and behavi-
our, abandon'd her
bed after the King
had made her his
Concubine,

To the same time.

To this what picture are left in these
For such as carelesse tread away
The modest steps of chastity.
Oh gentle Jane it thou didst know
The unceasing paines I daily see,
And how my tears for thee I shed
For wronging thus my marriage bed
Then sure I am thou wouldest confesse
My love was sure though in distress.
Both Flanders, France, & Spain I pass
And came to Turkey at the last
And there within that mighty Court
I lived long in honest sort,
Desiring God that sits in Heaven
That Lechers sins might be forgiven.
I there abas'd thy loving name,
Of living Wights the fairest Dime.
The praise of England's beauty stain
All which thy husband did maintain.
And set thy picture there in Gold
For Kings and Princes to behold.
But when I thought upon thy sin
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in,
I grieved that such a comely face
Should hold true honour in disgrace.
And counted it a lucklesse day
Wherein thou first didst stray away.
Desiring then some news to hear,
Of her my soule did love so dear,
My secrets then I did impart
To one well skill'd in Magick Art,
Who in a Glasse did truly show
Such things as I desir'd to know.
I ther did see thy Countie state,
Thy pomp, thy pride, thy glory great,
And likewise there I did behold
My Jane in Edwards arms enfold.
Thy secret Love I there espied,
Thy rise, thy fall, and how thou dyed.
Thy naked body in the Street
I saw due penance in a sheet,
Wate, soe before a Beables wand,
With burning Laper in the hand,
And babes not having use of tongues
Stood pointing as she pass'd along.
Thus ended was the shame of thine,
Though God gave yet no end to mine.
When I suppos'd my name forgot,
And time had wash away my blot,
And in an other Princes Reign
I came to England back again,
But finding there my sentence decay'd
My Princes Lawes I disobey'd
And by true Justice Judges to die
For clipping Gold in secretie.
My gold was my best living made,
And so by gold my life betray'd.
Thus have you heard the woeful strife
That came by my unconstant wife
Her fall my death wherein is shew'd
The Rois of a Trumpet lewd.
In hope thereby all women may
Take heed how they the wantons play